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Editors of The Spectator

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Panel Says LSD Being Misused, Notes Need of Cautious Research

"LSD is dangerous and misused, but it should be made available for legitimate research."

This seemed to be the consensus expressed by the participants at the Open Forum on Drug Abuse last Friday at the University of Washington.

THE FORUM, sponsored by two campus committees and the U.W. pharmacology department, drew a capacity crowd at the HUB Auditorium. The program consisted of a panel discussion which included experts in the field of hallucinogenic drugs.

Dr. Sidney Cohen, chief of psychosomatic medicine at a Los Angeles hospital, was the feature speaker. Dr. Cohen is the author of two books on LSD, one of which will be released in two weeks.

Dr. Cohen said LSD could be a valuable research tool, both in and outside the field of medicine. He contended that the use of the drug under controlled conditions could open up new horizons of thought.

BUT THE LSD expert called for the immediate halt of misuse of LSD before "more damage is done." He said unre-



stricted use of the drug can only lead to terrific abuses. "LSD is too valuable and too complex to be mistreated as something to be used purely for a thrill, a cheap way to false euphoria," he said.

Dr. Cohen warned of a "bad trip," during which the user of LSD finds that the feeling of reverie is replaced by an intense feeling of depression—a reaction which has seriously damaging psychological effects.

"THOSE WHO TAKE LSD are the immature, the lonely, the worriers, the supposed intelligentsia, the person who has built himself up to something he really isn't, the outcast. They protest the pressures we cope with daily by taking the drug and try to regain the world they imagine by use of LSD," Dr. Cohen said.

Dr. Audrey Holliday of the U.W. pharmacology department noted the physiological changes that occur when a person is under the effect of LSD. She said the drug slows mental processes to the point where simple arithmetic becomes impossible. She said that the drug causes a complete lack of moral responsibility which carries over into the user's daily life

after several LSD trips.

ANOTHER PANEL member noted that while LSD is not strictly habit-forming, the body develops a tolerance to the drug so the dosage required for each trip must be increased to have the same effect.

The Spectator has learned that at least a few S.U. students have used LSD.

The source of our information was a well-known student who volunteered information in a face-to-face interview.

THE FIRST student had four other persons call the Spectator reporter. Two of the four called said they were S.U. students and the other two would not say.

None of the five who were interviewed had taken the drug more than twice or three times.

All of the five who were contacted said they had had at least one "bad trip." They said that fear of another "bad trip" deterred them from continuing to use the drug. "I stepped outside myself and didn't like what I saw," was the way one user put it. "Now that I've tried it, I know that taking LSD is not such big thing," said another.

\$10,000 Maximum:

Contingency Fund Defined

After a prolonged delay because of legal difficulties, the senate passed a bill Sunday defining the ASSU contingency fund.

The bill sets a maximum of \$10,000 and a minimum of \$5,000 on the fund. It also provides that no more than five percent of the total ASSU budget be allotted to the fund. Decision on the bill had been postponed for several weeks because there was a question if it would conform to University financial policy.

Another piece of old business was postponed once again. The approval of Janet Soran as executive assistant was put off because she was not present.

A bill which would have re-

quired a monthly financial statement to be submitted by all clubs receiving support from the ASSU was defeated. It will be the duty of the ASSU comptroller to keep tabs on the club accounts and to see that they are administered properly.

A move to amend the ASSU constitution concerning the executive branch also failed. Other bills on which there was senate action included approval of the charter and constitution of the Radio Club, approval of the freshman class constitution, a change in the meeting time from 2:15 p.m. to 7 p.m. and repeal of the Lemieux Scholarship and amendment to the Merit Scholarship bill.

The Lemieux Scholarship, which was to have been given to a junior, was repealed without anyone ever receiving it. The bill was introduced too late last year for it to be given.

This year the ASSU Merit Scholarships will be given under the title of the Lemieux Merit Scholarships. These 10 scholarships are also awarded annually to juniors.

S.U. Selects Saga For Food Service

By MAGGIE KENNEDY

Saga Food Service, Inc., has been chosen to provide dormitory meals next year, the committee on food services announced yesterday. The board of trustees and the advisory board to the president have approved the selection.

Fr. Edmund McNulty, S.J., vice president of finance, said that "although Saga didn't offer the lowest bid, it was chosen for its demonstrated ability to satisfy college students." He added that "the difference in cost for bringing in an outside food service will be about the same as the cost of hiring the additional managers that would be needed to continue running our own operation."

IN A JOINT statement, Fr. McNulty, Fr. Robert Rebhahn, S.J., vice president of student services, and Miss Agnes Reilly, dean of women, said, "Though finances were seriously considered, more emphasis was devoted to the satisfaction and contentment of the students. It seemed to the committee that the best interests of the University would be served if Saga Food Services was chosen so we recommended without reservation that the University enter into contract with Saga Food Services for next year."

Student representatives from the dorms were also consulted and involved in the selection.

The food service will be under the direction of Fr. Rebhahn. Five managers of Saga will be on campus directing the three dorms and the Chieftain.

The specifications call for three distinct meals on Saturday and Sunday, a biannual popularity poll to determine menu selection and breakfast served on weekdays from 7-8:30 a.m.

MENU REQUIREMENTS include a steak dinner at least once a week, a choice of two hot entrees at all dinners, a choice of three desserts, meat three times a week at breakfast and nine "festive" meals during the school year.

Saga will also provide meals and services for any social functions such as teas, receptions

and buffets when authorized by the administration. Opportunities for student employment will be available next fall.

Saga serves Gonzaga, St. Martin's in Olympia, Western Washington State College and University of Portland and Marylhurst.

The contract is for one year after which it can be renewed. Both the 16-meal plan and the 21-meal plan will be available next year.

Dr. Reas Named Top Kadelphian

Dr. Herbert Reas, professor of education and assistant dean of the Graduate School at S.U., was named Kadelphian of the year May 13 at the Kappa Delta Pi Banquet in Bellarmine Hall.

The Honor Key is an award presented to those who have served the organization for 15 years and have distinguished themselves by special service to the profession of teaching.

Dr. Reas has served as adviser-counselor and president of the society for over 15 years.

He served two years with the Ford Foundation in Nigeria as Director of Training in Civil Service.

5 to Discuss Book

"Secular City," a controversial book by Harvey Cox, will be discussed at 7:30 p.m. Thursday in the Chieftain lounge.

Panel members are Mr. Albert Mann and Dr. Glenn Olsen. Both are members of S.U.'s history department. Other panelists are Mr. Elbert Beamer, of S.U.'s philosophy department; Dr. Robert Thomas, of the University Christian Church, and Dr. Walter Johnson, a member of the SPC philosophy department.

AWS Names Girl of Year



MARY BETH KUDER

Mary Beth Kuder was named AWS Girl of the Year. The presentation was made Sunday at the Senior Women's Tea at Campion Tower.

She was the April Girl of the Month.

A history major from Spokane, Mary Beth served as president of Silver Scroll this year. She is a member of Gamma Pi Epsilon and has been named to Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities and is an S.U. Merit Scholar. She was a member of the honors program for two years and was a Spur in her sophomore year.

The AWS Girl of the Year award is given to a girl on the basis of service to the University and representative spirit.

Terri Shank, AWS president, presented Mary Beth with the traditional gold charm bracelet.

Next year Mary Beth will study American history at the University of Maryland.

Barbara Swan Awarded Silver Scroll Achievement



From left, Diane Faudree, Angie Filippini, Sue Thoma, Liz Lyons and Barbara Swan

Barbara Swan, a sophomore English major from Seattle, was presented with the Academic Excellence Award by Silver Scroll, upperclass women's academic honorary.

The award is presented each year to a sophomore woman

with high academic standing.

Barbara is a Spur. Officers of Silver Scroll were elected for the coming year. Diane Faudree will serve as president; Anne Goerl, vice president; Angie Filippini, secretary; Lizbeth Lyons, treasurer, and Sue Thoma, publicity chairman.

Special May Mass

The Very Rev. John Fitterer, S.J., president of S.U. will offer a special Mass in honor of the Blessed Mother at 11:10 a.m. Friday in the Chieftain lounge.

Editorial

LSD — How About It?

A story on page one today notes that at least a few students at S.U. have used LSD.

It does not surprise us that some S.U. students have used this new drug which produces hallucinations. The drug has been capturing headlines in the nation's press for a number of months, and some of the treatments of it have been favorable. The drug is apparently easy to get. It would hardly do to keep our heads in the sand and ignore the facts in the hope that the problem will disappear.

WE ALL OUGHT to be aware of a few things, however, before we run off to buy our sugar cubes. In the first place, it is now against the law to sell or be in possession of LSD—it was classified as a "dangerous drug" recently (that's the same category as marijuana). If this is not enough to give us pause, we should at least be aware that even under the most favorable conditions, LSD can result in harm to one's psychological state.

Unfortunately, those who are the more likely to seek out LSD and take it are, according to the experts, just the type who are most likely to suffer permanent psychological damage from the use of the drug.

IF WE STILL aren't satisfied, perhaps we should go back and read about the outright murder that was committed by a man under the influence of LSD. Or the attempts at suicide or other forms of violence made by persons "under the influence."

We should also consider that the continued misuse of the drug may prevent just the legitimate research that might show it to have real medical value.

It seems to us that the legal, mental and medical dangers involved in the use of this drug preclude its use by all but those who have no concern for their own welfare.

Panel Considers Homosexuality

By MICHAEL BUCHER

Something of a departure from the usual choice of topics of high audience involvement and identification, "Homosexuality: Sin, Sickness, or Way of Life?" was the center of focus in last Thursday's CAP discussion.

The question seems to have been a bit loaded if one considers the constitution of the panel: Fr. James Royce, S.J., of the S.U. psychology department, and Dr. Irving Goldberg, clinical psychologist and psychoanalyst, both from a field

that would treat as sickness anything that might be described as a behavioral abnormality. Such is an honest bias, which both members exercised as objectively as possible.

Fr. Royce, acting under the additional capacity of moral theologian, spoke first of the Church's positive role with regard to sex while throwing a few barbs in the direction of the Playboy philosophy.

A SYNTHETIC description by the two called homosexuality a disorder of adaptation, the product of arrested development, pointing out the normal occurrence of non-pathologic homosexuality often observed in the young of the human species as well as other, lower animals.

Because psychopathology impairs the freedom of the individual to make alternative choices, Dr. Goldberg pointed out, the conscious will is lacking in homosexuality and therefore it is not a sin. Fr. Royce maintained that while subjectively this might be so, being homosexual does not remove one from moral responsibility. The mere fact that it is the best adjustment one can make to psychological pressures does

not constitute its objective morality.

Whether this may be called a way of life was answered simply with a clinical description of the typical homosexual relationship with its lack of commitment between the parties, the often vicious breakups and what appears a constant jockeying for position and control, plus an overall aspect of jealousy and suspicion.

ON THE SUBJECT of latent homosexuality and the fears that some young people might harbor about themselves, both panelists disallowed the significance of certain overt characteristics, either physical or behavioral, saying that the effeminate man or the masculine woman may be very much heterosexual.

Dr. Goldberg further contended that the homosexual act was not primarily for the purpose of sexuality, but to attain some other symbolic aim often associated with dominance and power over the other party.

The entire discussion was both informative and concerned. The principal value probably lies in the number of misconceptions dispelled.

By JOSEPH KAPERICK

The latest edition of Fragments shows much promise. The majority of the people published are relatively new to writing, and in view of this the quality of this issue is exceptional.

Sr. Mary Gilbert DeFrees, SNJM, does her usual fine job in "Gloss on a Line from Mallarme." Though the poem is light in tone, it is meant to be taken seriously: Sr. Gilbert's plea for the conservation of our linguistic heritage is one that poets writing in the English language would do well to heed.

ONE WONDERS, however, about "Ophelia's Flowers." The problem here is that the persona's world of sky-flailing trees and coffin-shaped tables is a little hard to identify with. Though Peggy Boogaard's poetry has certainly improved, her emblazoned cries still elicit little sympathy.

Of Elizabeth Cerelli's "Macro-

cosm" one is forced to ask, "So what is new?" Viewed from this perspective, the world must be a fascinating place to live in. As for "A Slight Criticism of St. Thomas," the only similarity between it and a poem is the fact that singularity rhymes with integrity.

John Robinson's poem is good for a first publication. Perhaps in the next issue he will tell us what it was exactly that Fat Lady did.

PAT TAYLOR'S poems were rather disappointing. The spoon in "All Night Cafe" scrapes all the way through, and the roses

do little to quiet it. The "chastity of beaks" in "Apology" leaves little more than question marks, and the "smeared feathers of your smile" presents a rather gruesome image.

With the exception of Sr. Gilbert's poem, "The Fastest Thing" by William Jack is undoubtedly the best piece in the issue, if not one of the best stories to be seen in Fragments for some time. Technically well constructed, it promises greater things from a gifted story-teller.

The artist, Juana Braganza, should be congratulated on her excellent art work, along with the editor and staff for their fine layout and selection.

CAMPVS FORVM

santa claus

To the editor:

It is most interesting to note with what dexterity certain ASSU officials handle the little everyday crises. Such an incident was the one involving Pat Healy, who (poor fellow) just couldn't seem to come up with a correct calculation in regard to his g.p.a.

That officials Bader and Guifre were willing to let him file for office on his word that his grade point did not meet the requirement (when he should not even have been running for office, as he had not entered the primaries) only strengthens my conviction that student government procedures are somewhat less than business-like.

Meisenberg, seeing that the erring officials were sufficiently humble and penitent, evidently let them off with an admonition to check their handbooks next time. He also decided that the only fair way to settle the matter

was to pay Healy's campaign expenses: \$31.41.

This in no way seems "fair" to me—certainly not fair to members of the student body, who pay the fees which enable Meisenberg to play Santa Claus. In the first place, why wasn't Healy's transcript checked before he was allowed to file? Isn't this standard procedure? If not, why isn't it?

In the second place, why should the student body pay the personal campaign expenses of any candidate? No one, to my knowledge, forced Healy to put a \$20 ad in The Spectator. Also, why was Healy accorded \$31.41 when his expenses had not been itemized? This seems to be pretty free handling of student body funds—funds wrung from every student in the amount of \$27 each quarter.

An itemized statement of student body expenses periodically published is the suggested first step toward rehabilitating this model of inefficiency—S.U. student government.

Valerie Nicholls

The Spectator

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Listening Is Creating

By CATHLEEN CARNEY

A search is now being carried on in government, industry, schools and among private employers for people who can approach questions creatively, who are able to understand and to talk with other people and who can thereby offer some help with problems that have arisen in this complex society.

As a person with a scientific background will be able to see questions in terms of mathematical, physical or biological formulae and a person with a background of formal religious training will have a tendency to see everything in its relationship to God, so a person with a background of creative activity is needed to approach questions with the flexibility, the openness and the appreciation of personal values that is needed in many circumstances today.

THIS CREATIVE background can be acquired in different ways. One way is through prolonged experience with the fine arts, such as painting, music or sculpture. By using music as an example, it will become more clear how all of these arts can help their clients to acquire a new viewpoint of life, a fresh approach to our contemporary situation.

The fine arts are formalized expressions of various aspects of life. Dancing glorifies the human body in motion. Painting brings to the threshold of awareness the colors and forms that are everywhere. Poetry displays the words of everyday life in their most effective arrangement.

Music is, in some ways, the most abstract fine art. It formalizes the process of assembling into a stable unity fragments which exist only in time and are lost with each passing moment. It is the sculpturing of time into a recognizable shape, in the same way that men try to organize the flow of life into a meaningful whole.

To encourage popular consumption of music, certain advantages for the musically educated have been brought forth by the purveyors of music for the masses. Listening to good music, they say, is a civilized, socially acceptable way of spending our increasingly abundant leisure time.

ACQUAINTANCE with the major composers and performers is a "must" for conversing on a level with one's peers in certain social strata. The dis-

cipline of listening to music is a good character builder. The ennobling sentiments expressed in music raise one's life to a higher plane. The tensions of everyday life are eased by an evening with Mozart or Haydn.

These reasons are valid, but they miss the principal meaning of music as a fine art. It is an abstract analogy of that aspect of life which is the organizing of time into a meaningful unit. Because it is abstract, it may be examined dispassionately and experienced uncluttered by the extraneous details that cloud daily events.

Music has meaning only when it is being heard by a listening person. But to understand listening, one must understand the creative act, because listening is creating.

For a human, creation involves two processes—the reverential acceptance of the potentialities inherent in the limitations of the given material and the active structuring of this matter into a humanly perceivable order.

THESE TWO ASPECTS are temporally inseparable. They occur together in the form of a loving dialogue between the artist and the material he is using. But it is possible to discuss each separately, first in general, and then in relation to the listener as creator.

The loving acceptance of the given material is one requirement. Parents are creators not only of a physical body, but also—to a large degree—of the character of their children. They must be cognizant of the inherited qualities with which their son or daughter has begun life.

The physically attractive, charming, compliant girl must be helped to develop in one way, while her awkward, nervous, rebellious brother must be guided along a different path. No good parent will ignore these differences.

Painters, sculptors, dancers, and other workers in raw materials must be very receptive to the suggestions of their media. Watch any of these men at work. The painter, for instance, will begin a canvas with a vague notion of what he will paint.

As he starts to mix and apply the oils, ideas flow from the colors and forms that have begun to emerge. He will re-do parts of the picture or the entire work several times. Each time the painting becomes more and more "right," the lights and shapes seem to adjust more harmoniously to one another.

This same process of beginning to work, of humbly remaining aware of what the material has to say at every moment and of changing the piece until it speaks for itself that it is completed—this can be observed in any creative process one chooses to examine.

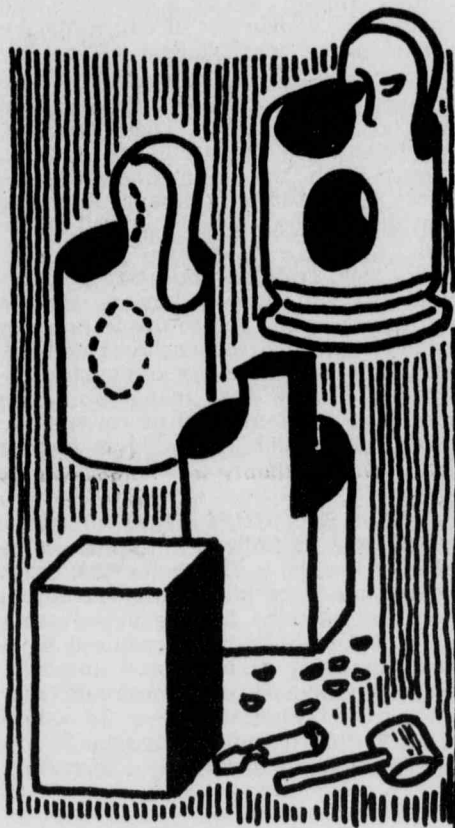
THE SECOND ASPECT of creation is the structuring of the given block of wood, mass of oil or collection of sounds into a recognizable order. It includes the ability to sense when a work is finished, what a unified order is like when it is perceived. But this perception demands an agonizing effort by the artist to mold the unformed raw material into a finished product.

Because an artist "knows" when the work is finished, he labors until it is complete. But because the idea with which he started develops as he is working, he must constantly change what he has done, as he searches for the right color, the right word, the right note.

The good listener has a job as arduous and rewarding as any other creator. The material to which the listener must be humbly receptive is the sound being

transmitted, the music being played.

IF THE LISTENER is to be fair to his given material, the music, he must have a certain amount of openness at every moment. He must be uncommitted as to the length of the phrase, the tempo or dynamics of the piece, until he has heard the whole performance,



and is thus able to see if an ordered view of the whole unites all the parts harmoniously.

But this does not imply passivity of the listener. By the very nature of sound, its existence in time alone, creative listening demands intense activity from the artist. The notes must fade away as soon as they sound. These discrete parts of music have their life only in the mind of a listener who fits them together to make an organic whole. He must remember the first note in the phrase as he is hearing the second note, so that he is aware of the relation existing between the two and therefore can appreciate where the harmony, melody and dynamics are leading.

Once the first phrase is finished, the next question is whether the following phrase is a variation of the first, an answer to it, the beginning of a long development out of it or merely a bridge into some new material.

It may be objected that both the composer and the performer have already completed this task of organizing the notes into a meaningful whole. However, music does not exist either on paper alone or in vibrations of the air. It is a living being only when it is created as a unity in a listener's mind at the same time that it is flowing through time.

Secondly, the art of the composer and of the performer themselves consists in preparing a unified interpretation of the composition. In order to do this, he will play it one way, listening intently to the sound and then play it other ways until his ear tells him that the sound is right.

THE COMPOSER also works in this manner. The original score of any composition is filled with revisions, made by the composer as he sees his creation coming to life, and must fit the parts into a more perfect mold.

Though after much experience a composer will be able to hear in his mind's ear much of what he wants to write without actually playing it first, the essential fact of listening to the music before writing it remains the same.

It is true that no one but the listener can "see" the work of art as he has created it in his own mind. But merely because this is a partially unshareable creation does not make it any less the work of an artist.

A creative listener has taken material given him—the composition as played by the performer. Putting together the fragments of time in his own mind, in his own way, he has made a musical work which did not exist before and will never exist again in exactly the same form.

WHAT, NOW, CAN the music listener tell us about listening? How is his experience a guide, an insight into day-to-day experiences in the blood and sweat, the humdrum of life?

One of the most obvious analogies one can draw is the connection between listening to music and listening to the spoken word. A good conversation demands intense listening. It involves the ability to hear what is being said each moment, with an understanding of its relevance to what has been said the previous minute, so that the next contribution to the conversation will carry it dynamically forward.

Once the development of one theme has been completed, a new idea is skillfully introduced. Even moments of silence are respected and when the conversation has flowed to its natural end, it is allowed to come to a close.

The participant in the conversation must be first of all be an accomplished listener, so he understands the direction in which the ideas are turning.

MAKING FRIENDS IS another process that requires all of one's ability to listen—and not only to words. The moods, actions and silences of a person speak as loudly as any word to a friend who is listening. This knowledge conditions the response a friend will offer—a cheerful joke, a sympathetic hand, an offer to help, a nod of approval, an appreciative laugh.

Here again, as in a conversation, the two friends are the most actively creative of all listeners—composers. The love which they create, which grows naturally out of their dialogue, like the music which grows out of the dialogue between composer and sound, is a new being, almost with an existence of its own.

These same ideas could be expressed for many other human activities. Life itself, like music, has its existence in time. If it is to have any meaning for the individual listener, he must fashion for himself an order into which the ever-changing sound can be fitted.

If the composer, halfway through a piece, is to harmoniously add to that which has already been written, he must be listening, while he is writing the new part, to everything that has been done before. The average layman must be aware of what life has been in each past moment of his present actions, his addition to this music is to be a help rather than a hindrance to the successful completion of the composition of the world.

OF COURSE, the symphony of life is far too complex to be understood fully by anyone. The pitch to which a person's ears are tuned will depend on the particular part of life that comprises his world. For the politician, the guns of Viet Nam, the steamships of (Continued on page 4)



"Man is not a Sheep"

By MICHAEL LEGGE

I have been roaming for some time now, for what, I am not quite sure. There is nothing more distressing than being unable to penetrate with certainty the anguish of the heart.

I think I am roaming in order to become acquainted with my soul. But this thought does not console me. My heart has yet to know the joy of finding what it seeks.

A great man once said: "How does one make himself ready to appear before God?" And he answered: "By dancing. Because dancing kills the ego, and once the ego is killed, there is no further obstacle to prevent you from joining with God." So I dance!

PERHAPS IT IS NOT yet time to write, for my thoughts are confused, my sense of direction gone, my wounds too fresh. In fact, the battle is still being waged. I still recoil from uncertainty and fear. But this I know: A soul that

believes is a merciless man-eating beast.

I have many questions and no answers. The artist in me covers the abyss of the Self with flowers, but the philosopher in me desires to learn at all costs, scorns every comfort, even that of art. The first creates and finds relief; the second analyzes, dissects and finds despair.

I'm beginning to think my art covers the horrible truth with pictures that are only consoling to cowards.

It, like much of my faith, only covers the abyss with cheerful myths.

My critical intellect smashes idols, so I smash the god-idol I have created, the Great Phantom of the psyche. Stripped of all support, I stand alone and naked with the chasm of life, the intolerable abyss of the Self, opening beneath my feet.

MY CONFLICT OF FAITH is two-fold. It centers around the awareness that my religion does not embrace the whole man, all that I am capable of offering, all that I am. I am a worm, a larva within his cocoon, anticipating the day I will sprout wings and emerge as a butterfly. To emerge, not as a Superman in the Nietzschean sense, for this is just another mirage, but as a complete and whole man, a man not of extraordinary powers but of psychological wholeness.

But at present my soul and body are engaged in an anguishing struggle, seemingly at opposite poles. These two savage beasts are devouring one another. I have often wondered when Christ's mercy will sufficiently broaden to enable Him to embrace the body as well as the soul.

Oh, how crafty of religion to transplant rewards and punishments, success and failure into a future life in order to comfort cowards, the enslaved and aggrieved. I distrust every optimistic theory, yet I know that man's womanish heart has constant need of consolation, a need for which the mind is forever ready to latch on.

BUT A RELIGION THAT promises, yet notoriously fails, to fulfill human desires is simply a refuge for the timid, totally unworthy of a man. Is Christ's way the only one leading to salvation, or is it simply a well-organized fairy tale promising paradise and immortality with immense cleverness and skill, so that the faithful will never be able to learn if this paradise is anything more than a reflection of their own heart?

The Church of Christ appears to be no more to me than an enclosure, a corral, where thousands of panic-stricken sheep bleat away day and night, leaning one against the other and stretching out their necks to lick the hand and knife that slaughters them. Some tremble from fear they will be roasted for all eternity in raging flames, while others cannot wait to be slaughtered so that they can graze everlastingly on eternal springtime grass.

But man is not a sheep. He is king, a prince who must set aside his kingdom and somehow find a way to face God, confront the abyss, the void, the outer darkness, without the aid of antique trappings, without the heavy armor of another era.

Why shouldn't man confront God as a prince, making Him account for His bloody deeds? But this is lunacy, some will say.

Sure, its lunacy.

LUNACY SOMETIMES BEGETS lunacy, at other times sanctity and heroism. If God is a windmill and I, Don Quixote—who demolishes whom? When faith is full, it dares to express its anger, for faith is the openness of the whole man toward his God.

I have come to understand that it doesn't always matter very much what problem is tormenting me, the only thing that matters is that I be tormented. In other words, that I exercise my mind in order to keep from turning into an idiot. But then again I am confronted with the frightful possibility that my mental-physical health might be in jeopardy, that my strength, like Nietzsche's, be insufficient.

But still I don't believe I could settle down with any degree of absolute certainty. That is for the person who is in a hurry to find firm ground on which to stand. I have but one life and this is the direction it has chosen to hurl me. In the end I will meet God. But like Job, "I will to maintain my own ways before Him."

Should not a person follow the impulses of his heart and attempt to climb the highest peaks man is capable of attaining? I understand God to be the fierce summit of man's soul, the summit which we are ceaselessly about to attain and which ceaselessly jumps to its feet and climbs still higher. But since I am not a sheep, but a man, and that means a thing which is unsettled and shouts, well then—I shout! and climb.



HELL

—photo by nancie gee

By NANCIE GEE

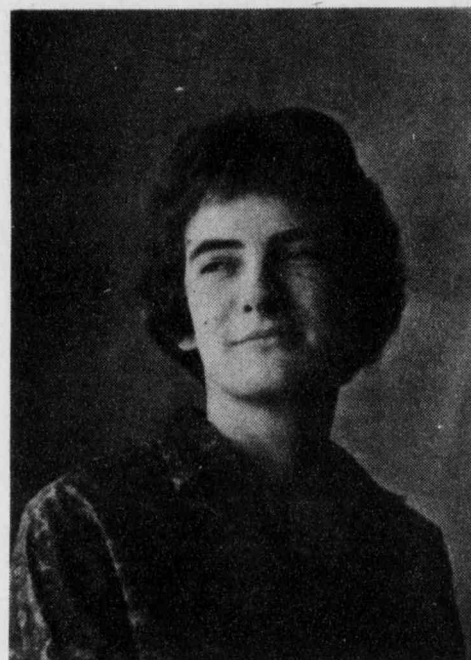
My contention is that art is no longer an extravagance but a necessity. The anxiety of our contemporary times drives many to seek meaning beyond religion, the family unit and one's occupation. Over the past decade there have been crucial changes in our political and social realms.

A presidential assassination, racial conflicts, college student protests for academic freedom, high divorce rates and many other situations indicate tumultuous undercurrents in society.

Also despite our technological and scientific advancements there has been a tremendous lag in our humane attitudes and need for understanding and compassion for people. Hence with such drawbacks the problem of communication increases and the need for personal expression becomes more significant to those who value direct contact and response to people.

IT IS A COMMON misconception that art is a luxury which one can afford only as a hobby. Yet many artists have been financially impoverished. They showed endless energies in their con-

After receiving her B.A. in social welfare, Nancie has directed her interests and talents toward the fine arts fields of photography and poetry. Her poetry was in the last *Fragments* and one of her photographs was displayed in the Seattle Art Museum.



An honors program graduate, Cathy is in the process of completing a double major in biology and literature. To exercise her musical talents, Cathy has participated in several music festivals, the Seattle Youth Symphony, Thalia and others.



This June, Mike will receive his degree in philosophy. After a year of work and travel, he plans to attend graduate school in art.

Life's Symphony Demands Order

(Continued from page 3)

foreign trade, the cry of his constituents must be blended into a reasonable harmony.

For the university president, a sensitivity to the voices of the students, the teachers, the community leaders is needed. The mother of a family must be attuned to the moods of her husband and the changing needs of her children. For each individual, his understanding of the whole will be different, just as the work of art in the mind of the listener can be totally shared with no one.

It matters not that music be heard by everyone in the same way. It matters only that, in his helping to compose

the rest of the piece, the individual is true to the music he has heard.

BUT LISTENING IS discouraged today. Television has made the need for conversation obsolete. The quantity of people has disguised the need of men for deep friendship. The multiple complexity of a fragmented world has made an attempt to understand a frustration. The rules of life that once told us what to listen to or how to respond, are becoming a thing of the past.

In like manner, the strict rules that once dictated how music was to be written are gone. The turn that a phrase will take is not very predictable for the listener of contemporary music. The Concerta sponsored on the S.U. campus by the International Society of Contemporary Musicians only a few weeks ago exhibited the search going on in music today for new rules, new ways of writing music in keeping with today's world.

LIKEWISE, IN LIFE, the myriad "isms"—Zen Buddhism, logical positivism, existentialism, Communism, LSD-ism—witness a search for a new framework wherein to fit the fragments of time, the individual notes that make up our existence.

This, however, is the task of the individual. The single creative listener alone can supply for himself a meaning for the sounds pouring upon him from all sides. To him they will mean nothing unless he personally listens to them, sees them in his own mind as a unified work of art and therefore sees how his actions can contribute to this ever-developing work.

The Journeyman

Volume IV, Number 5

—a monthly supplement to The Spectator. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of The Journeyman or Spectator staffs. Students, faculty members and administrators are invited to submit manuscripts of 1,000 to 2,000 words on topics of contemporary significance and interest to the University community.

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Maureen Gruber, Chuck Burns

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HELL

—photo by nancie gee

By NANCIE GEE

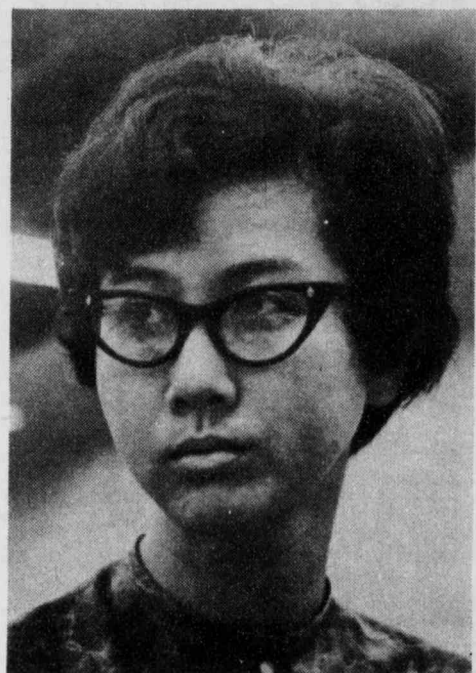
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The artist has a significant responsibility to be honest with himself, to recognize his own feelings and values and to have clarity in projecting his message to an audience. In order to present beauty he must rely on his own sense of taste and selectivity of the subject in focus. In presenting truth sometimes he risks public irritation and open rebuke.

An example is Boris Pasternak, a leading contemporary Russian writer and poet, who never received approval of his novel "Doctor Zhivago" to be published in Russia. His dedication to truth, reactions to the destruction of war, the beauty of the human spirit of hope and desire for union and the underlying feeling of humanity are revealed provocatively in this book. He was banned in his own country but was internationally received and recognized as an outstanding writer of courage and merit.

THE ABILITY TO SEE is not necessarily limited by one's physical sight nor age in onset of creativity. Brain fever left Helen Keller totally blind and deaf at 19 months old. Yet her faith, determination and zest for life enabled her to become an inspiration to others, a contributing lecturer and nonfiction writer. Helen Keller's ability to describe visually and emotionally those experiences of nature and her relationship to God have not been limited by her lack of eyesight because her vision came from the inner depths.

There have been attempts to study the creative process by diverse schools of thought in aesthetic and social sciences but little is known of the dynamics behind the creative force. As mentioned before the ability to see is not limited by age. Grandma Moses began painting at 77.

ANOTHER LATE starter in the arts is Henry Jackson who attempted sculpture for the first time last year at 48. He observed a friend who tried to show him the nail technique that Seymour Locks, a professor of art at San Francisco State College, perfected. Locks had emphasized the armor and scaly effects of the overlapping nails but Jackson saw the possibility of the nail as a symbol of man. He used an



alder driftwood 70 inches in length and 56 inches in height for his nail technique biblical sequence of Adam and Eve, "The Flood" or Deluge, Tower of Babel (Rise and Fall of Babylon), birth of Christ, betrayal of Christ, crucifixion of Christ, Battle of Armageddon and rise to heaven or descent into hell.

Many persons who have seen his biblical sculpture sequence have concluded that Henry must be very religious. Actually he claims to be agnostic. The sculpture represents his own interpretation of the Bible, not an advocacy or support for religion.

I BELIEVE MANY major points can be illustrated in this story. First, in order to do a work of art effectively one must be personally involved with the subject. As in Jackson's case he does not have to be religious to be involved. He studied the Bible for many years before rejecting the Christian belief, but he recognized the significance of at-

tempting to understand religion because of its influence on all people directly or indirectly.

Second, one must have an inclination for the particular medium that he chooses for expression. Jackson's background in welding, carpentry, logging and mechanics enabled him to create forms and shapes in dimensional ways required in sculpture.

Third, one must be honestly involved with his subject in order to mold his feelings into some aesthetical form to communicate to others.

Fourth, the individual must have an intense desire to express himself in order to devote effort and time to creating a work of art.

The artist's role in society is important. Erich Fromm, a psychoanalyst and social philosopher, gives insightful views in this regard.

"Knowledge is nothing but seeing . . . Knowledge is what I acquire by penetrating actively through a surface and seeing something to which I was blind before, which I didn't see before. That's why the artist has such an important function in human society. He helps us see a reality, a deep reality within a person, which, with the superficial eye of common sense, we wouldn't otherwise see."

There are many outstanding individuals whom I feel have as artists, in the truest sense, remarkably influenced our lives and given us meaningful insights. Of many I will refer to only a selective few to give perspective to the different forms and approaches to creativity.

Charles Schulz, the creator of the cartoon satire "Peanuts," has shown immense insight in his understanding of people and their shortcomings. The subtleties, various levels of meaning and simplicity of action render his achievement artistic. Schulz enables us to laugh at the follies of people with understanding rather than malice.

One of the greatest architects of this century was Frank Lloyd Wright who was extremely productive as an individualistic thinker and imaginative innovator of architecture. Wright wanted to unify man's living and nature. He was influenced by the simplicity of Japanese prints and the sense of harmony found in nature.

EDWARD STEICHEN, a photographer of excellence in his own right, has been a dedicated frontrunner in promoting photography as an art form. He edited the magnificent photography exhibit that was held at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. The exhibit was a selected compilation of 503 international photographs from the submitted two million.

Creativity is not limited to music, literature, visual arts or the theater. It could be in the form of architecture, newspaper cartoons, excellent fashion photography in magazines, or stylization of appliances, cars and product containers or designs on book covers.

What makes an act creation rather than a routine task depends upon many factors. The person must see the activity as having importance and providing pleasure to stimulate his desire to participate fully.

He engages in the activity totally by injecting his ideas, views, learning, feeling and imagination with continuous interest and enthusiasm. He sees things and relates ideas from daily living continuously through his creative activities, giving them a very personal impression and vision.

IN TURN HE ABSORBS his environment more intensely and becomes stimulated by new meanings and awarenesses. Instead of noticing that a rose is red, perhaps he now sees how pure or deep the red is or realizes that certain types of rose have petals that fold outward.

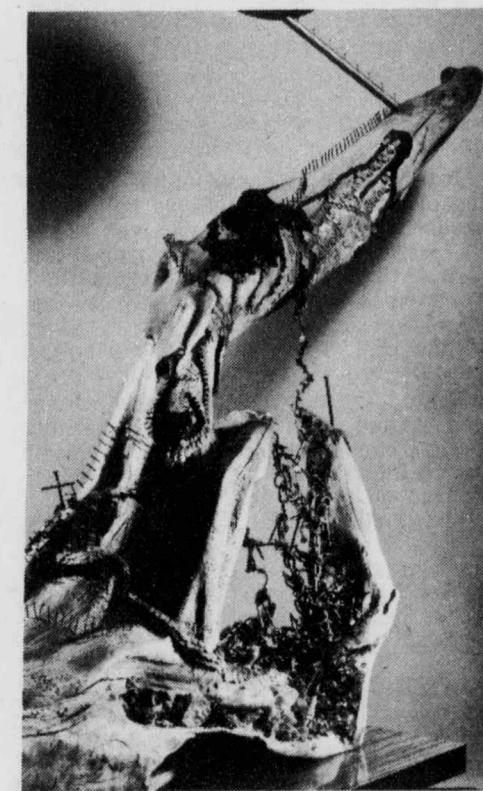
Another example is a counselor who observes gestures, speech inflections, intonations and hesitations to assess certain evaluative statements about a person's character. When viewing a movie or a play, one can transfer his learnings and sensitivity towards an understanding of the motives and attitudes of the character portrayed. This enables one to appreciate a play or movie more because of his comprehension and ability to apply the significance of the message to his own life. There is a continuous relation of the person to his experiences in life.

A person might try to adjust to life

intellectually and think that emotions exist separately but this is impossible. To minimize one's emotional response by severe intellectual control makes one rigid, lacking in spontaneity and void of warmth in his communication with others.

THE ARTS AND creativity of living give richness to one's vision, awareness and sensitivity to the needs and feelings of others and enable one to be closer to nature and more appreciative of the beauty in life.

I find the fashionable "cool" attitude



BIBLICAL SEQUENCE

—photo by nancie gee

of the younger set quite startling. It gives the impression of an unaffected, noncommitted attitude. Yet we know the underlying feelings are intense and the younger generation are definitely reacting to society and searching for direction and meaning.

For many music becomes the medium to express their grievances. Although music is a constructive outlet, the question arises: What happens to general means of expression? Have we neglected the person-to-person communication of talking and responding directly to each other? Because of the growing problems in communication, the expressive forms of art will be more important in the future.

I AM NOT ADVOCATING art as a substitute for direct communication. But the artist can help society in recognizing the need to focus on humanity and de-emphasize the scientific and technological. The literary and theater arts give perspective to areas of communication and personal understanding not limited to entertainment per se.

Actually all artistic areas are related in that they attempt to give meaning and harmony to reality. Each aspect of art has something different to offer. The artists make statements to stimulate thinking, to evoke an awareness or to provide the viewer with an emotional experience.

The creative process does not end with the product, for the joy of creating is further stimulated in the response of the audience or viewers who add their own interpretation, images, attitudes and experiences to what is presented before them.

THE SERIOUS artist sees his life as a continuous relation to others and his environment. In the artistic goals of presenting beauty and truth he attempts to give meaning and harmony to reality to help man understand himself better. The creative process demands an awareness and sensitivity that increases one's ability to enhance his vision and appreciation of life.

Also the audience have joy in sharing and continuing the creative process by their response, sensitivity and concern to the message presented by the artist. The creative process necessitates that one has a desire to really see, to value one's own feelings and expression and to have a productive orientation to life.

Paradox Challenges Man

By JOE MacMURRAY

A prefatory note is needed for the following thoughts because they are chosen from a 50-page manuscript and will necessarily lose meaning in the choosing.

The general intention in this work was to present my awareness of life—groping yet certain, relative yet absolute. This paradoxical position resolved itself in an impressionistic, stream-of-consciousness style. Much could be said about this style as a continuing revolt from traditional concepts and expression towards a new synthesis but that would become an essay itself.

Since the following are excerpts, the stream of consciousness may not be as evident as I wanted; yet I think they are edited to preserve a general flavor.

Joy is free. No one qualifies its coming or going, cannot tell joy halt or increase. Joy blossoms in the void facing us. I race across the field, ripped and torn by bullets searing my brain till I am washed upon a shore of peace, heaped with bright coins. My flesh falls away in the surf. I am dying in the sun, I pay the price.

Seated on this chair as the hearses roll by and dead are piled, I consider faith. I cannot shut my eyes. I leap into the rolling black sea and knives are pushed in me from all directions. I stare their impact, I deny it. Death brings me to a door of nothing. Fear is torn to terror. Terror widens into horror. Joy is escape but nowhere can I run. I have no legs. I cannot shut my eyes.

WHO CAN EXPLAIN the wonder of growing from nothing to something, when waters crash over and moorings are torn loose. Yet this way of speaking is analogy, for the gap between thought and word is no gap but a continuum, a thin wire that will never break, not in a million hells; never will be there nothingness, always, always existence. And this is both promising and horrible for we are here without a doubt and moving with much doubt. But I rejoice in nausea like a flower afloat on a swamp; suddenly I can swim in this lake of fire.

The wind blows gently on the soul and the heart goes straight as an arrow into the night's core, the night of vision, the core of life. We stand on the edge of eternity in the fog and drone of days, held back by barbed wire of work, involvement; our wings clipped, our ankles chained in the flicker of time.

YET SEEDS grow in the crackle of anxiety. Flight moves from one point to the next. The bright bells of home fade like television turned off; that blank box announces the void and we go into it, deep into it and forget joy and are happy to survive because life is better than death and a living death better than annihilation.

The wind blows fresh as a kiss across the soul and wakens it. I can remember a thousand things that struck me like spears of fire, needles of light but how will they ever be recaptured for they are where the heart zooms when the tether is cut.

Sorrow, sweet and clear come to curdle, crumble . . . I wish I could not fall from joy or poignancy, but down I darkly come like corpse thud in birds, and joy splinters. I lie waiting in myself, spin superfluity to ward off python fear. Rather, eternity showers sparks and I run to catch them in the cold night and the heat evaporates.

This bauble I was bringing you flew away. I have only description and apology. My voice changes and your eyes dart away in faint frenzy. Damn this crusher, this slit in any joy! I always forget in April. Rather, sadness is a sin and so is joy. There is no escape. Eventually I run down the street, dodging cars and people.

IN THE HEART of city silence grows deep and all the business only a ripple on a sea pond. I'm surprised, beyond the doors sealed with rubber is something I thought: after the door, nothing. Yet I was not overwhelmed with hibiscus, jade glades, only a thread of light tasting breadly. You can suck it in as fish in caves at ocean floor divide the air from water. But it is worth climbing out of bed to open the window wide and take off your shirt. Tramps walk

around outside and dirty children run down the sidewalk selling cookies.

And now I rush for my pen and paper and something to eat and drink and smoke. Yes get rid of my fear, giving it to you in a storm of insights and metaphor, for I am god above good and evil, not caught in the rain of change. (My pen is out of ink! Where is the nearest store! And I must not forget, what I am saying next.)

Everybody searches in the core of noon, night till they turn in the blind plunge of shovel into clay-dirt or hand and wrist around long planks, the crackle of paper-squeezing nerves, to pour sweat in the abstract gulf of work. Truth is embedded. It must be extracted. We pile the ore grain by grain.

THE STRAIGHT and narrow is down, down. Some say death stops everything. I don't know. I have never died; unconscious, yes, but always woke up, always. So what! What answers have I



sitting here in this room. The time is ten minutes after five o'clock in the afternoon.

I have graduated from college and am thinking to myself all the great thing that could be happening right now, virtue and truth included. Oh yesss! Health, beauty, money, intelligence, wisdom, greatness, sex—I should say so! And the first sound I hear outside my door sets my heart going like a jackhammer. That dream is popped like a balloon sputtering, loose end of a film when the show is over.

Our agony is not pure. We fabricate, then cry over it. Let only so much in and treat it as something huge. Real agony speaks itself and then shuts up. Self pity drones over and over, feeding on sorrow, past sorrow, imaginary sorrow born of anxiety, so we will not have to face the trembling dread that blocks out reason and hope. Where is clean agony, pure, bearable agony? Self pity is unbearable because we are playing God to ourselves, want to save ourselves and feel ashamed because we cannot do it.

SOMEWHERE IN the fury of copulation, the link with eternity is broken and love becomes human, only organic, merely comforting against the gray and haunting dawn. Somewhere in the fury of everyday the same thing happens—clouds crumble the skies into rain. Seekers for the eternal second ransack time, trample the counterfeit flowers—we call this yearning.

If we stop choosing things and blocking others out our capacity will enlarge. Much energy is wasted in running from the fact of change and death, in convincing ourselves we are good, perfect, happy. The more one faces death, the more he can accomplish, even though it waits at the end. Greatness comes from this, the joy of accomplishment. What illusion, since death is certain, there is no joy here.

Laughing in the face of death is joy, is power, kills the fear of death. Then we become creators singing as we pour energy, plowing and planting in the vast desert of nothingness till unbelievable things sprout and bloom.

That eternal second runs along the spinal column and flame ranges from brain to groin following the nerves outward like a prairie fire. When the break comes, the hands and mouth move like a puppet's and the brain is numb.

DESIRING IS THE movement towards fulfillment. This is logical, that is, meaningful. Logic is the meaningfulness of us in experience, if we must make distinction between what we know and how we know, yet it is desirable to have distinction in unity.

Disunified distinctions are errors. If you rest in half a truth you are in error. We are always involved in half truths because we at no time possess all aspects of truth, yet if we know our knowledge is incomplete we will not rest in it at any one point.

Now if our knowledge is always incomplete, how can we assume there is a unity? Because there is a need for it. Life has no meaning without unity in all the fragments we pick up day by day, hour by hour.

WHAT I AM RIGHT now is the only thing real, and right now I am different from what I said before the words. I am changing as I write and this word has no complete unity with the one before it for words are parts of a sentence, paragraph, etc.

The problem is, Do they add up to something? Sure. Now that is solved I just have to select something from the godawful, sand-dune sea and say it. But not just anything; something I can flood joy saying because the real reason I am writing or your are reading is fulfillment, heaven.

Too long are we eating mirages in some corner of ourselves, afraid to step out for bread. But the supply of youth is running out fast and we spin cobwebs around the room and watch them glisten while food runs out. Hunger listens for death, hears it knocking like a hammer, as the figure of speech goes round and around in the mill of the mind grinding off rough edges and dropping it polished on your plate, hard and indigestible.

Writing and talking is a sieve we dip in the river of now, the net we put down for food and pull out empty. I didn't expect to say that.

I'M SORRY, BUT here we go into metaphor, that is, image in abstraction, that is, analogy to describe the fade-away jump-shot joy rimmed me with. Already the removal from waters to this trickling tap depresses, oh God, depresses me.

Great life, poor art; great thought, poor word. The word is never all of us but let me not knock the word, for a single thought is not our total selves either. Let us withdraw from that error and admit contingency.

Then what was that burst into matchstick moment? Surely it was light, though not enough to burn the night away. Between the friction and the ash-flame!

NOW IS THE TIME for us to abandon speculative imagination, I mean thinking about being real. Now is the time to cease reflecting hesitation, now is the time to speak, not in a smoldering fantasy, but really, all things considered, harsh, clear, sure, definite in the confidence this day was meant to be and we were preparing for it, longed for it.

Now the day is here with tiny butterflies of fear. Writing, thinking stop, praying stops, for action is near. The goodbye, the tear and the resolutions, the apologies and consolances must break off. The cord is cut. Already ice water fact slaps like detached hand of a doctor.

If fear is the beginning of wisdom, let us begin. But fear of what? Fear of being thwarted, prevented from taking the joys we want, from running riot in the April of beauty. We are so used to considering fear as fear of destruction we have forgotten destruction of what.

This is already a form of despair for we have lessened in expectation of final happiness, gradually life has become escape, to live for escape, the hunt and not the quarry. How unreal, how insane.

THE HEIGHT OF night is moving when temporal joy rolls ineffably, inexplicably to others but intense, intense to me. Eternity leaks in through noon,

a riptooth of the sky's acetelyene, the noon of night, the zenith of desire breaking April across the dormant winter fields. Too much! Too soon! Much too soon, much too early before eternity.

Your kiss is divided by the darkness, goes under the inevitable breakers of change and where does it rise? Oh, do not ask; let us wander by the shores till sirens wake us. I do not want to leave this moment. The sweetness so good, so readily tears, so readily. A clock unwinds the universe on this table . . .

I know a million sidestreets of the heart soaked with memory I cannot travel. What damn use is nostalgia, those things I can in dearness remember are dead. I cannot resurrect them now. God, that I could! No price is enough for the endless flesh-groin heart-soul, no price but death! Skinny humiliating death.

WE ALL WAKE up at seven o'clock in the morning and the coil of fear tightens. The world opens a million houses laced with roads to be traveled, alive with stop signs and hurtling trucks. We step into the zooming maze strapped to the steering wheel. Spit dries in the throat and heart thuds, racing like pistons.

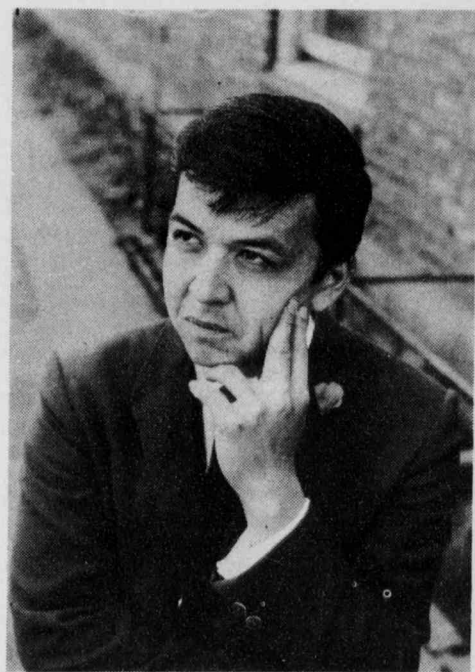
We tap powers of the world and go spinning like particles of energy, weld with world, join life, boxed in a car on concrete, steering it like a horse. No more inertia. Roads open up, one city at a time. We fly into the heart of danger, grains whipped from the bank into the rapids.

Pleasant droning seals off fear as we rein the road, shut and sure on sinews of gasoline. People peel away, houses—rip, rip, rip, to some core on the crest of the road. Then, smash through blue air and down the hill veering when a car comes close.

A PERSISTENT WHISPER comes back like a toothache and we accelerate to the floor fleeing ourselves till a huge spider digs its claws in four walls of my stomach and pain sears like hands on a hot stove, then your fingers sting from the cutting leather and the horse moves like a guided missile.

The world holds together and shudders in its axis as it whirls, delicate in space; not like an iron wall cars smack but the pull of weakness in our being from a lack of being. I shudder with the car. I am terrified but that passes when reflexes straighten out the road and the cities open one by one.

We move across the map and race the sun. We always do with horse or car, on foot, or in the heart longing, searching inward and outward. But the noon always breaks somewhere in the peak of flame, heat loses in the void. Then we strike another day until our fingers are gone and the game is done and begun. Do we, in losing win, in dying live, pass through the change of death as through a cataract where the flesh is ripped and washed off?



A native of Seattle, Joe completed a double major in psychology and philosophy at S.U. in 1965. This January he and two other S.U. graduates will leave for Europe.

Track Meet May Decide Trophy Winner



PICK THEM UP AND LAY THEM DOWN: Track enthusiasts off for a cross-country trek to Lake Washington in preparation for the annual intramural track meet and the ROTC physical training program. The track meet will be Sunday from noon to 3:30 p.m. at West Seattle Stadium.

—Spectator photos by Glenn Day

By PAT CURRAN

The race goes to the swift but an added incentive for the swiftest team could be the intramural all-sports trophy.

Eight teams will compete Sunday in the annual intramural track meet at West Seattle Stadium for points counting toward winning the trophy. The teams entered are the Trilos, the Chamber, the Les Singes, the Nads, the Dogs, the Fighting Irish and the Rent-a-Cops.

LATE IN APRIL, seven of these teams were strongly in contention for capture of the top spot in the overall standings. All seven were among the top 10 point producers and only 220 points separated the tenth place squad from first place.

The meet will begin at noon with preliminaries to two events and should finish around 3:30 p.m. Eleven events, eight track and three field, comprise the meet.

Only six lanes encircle the field so preliminary runs and

double heats have been necessitated.

At noon a 100-yard dash preliminary will be run and the six fastest qualifiers will compete officially at 1:20 p.m. The 220 sprint preliminary occurs at 12:30 p.m. with the dash for points at 1:50 p.m.

FOUR RACES—the 440-yard relay, the 880-yard relay, the mile relay and the 440-yard run—will be decided on fastest times in two successive heats for each event. At 1 p.m. the 440 yard relay starts. The 440-yard run is next at 1:40 p.m. The mile relay and the 880 relay will be run at 2 p.m. and 2:10 p.m. respectively.

Two longer track events, the mile run and the 880-yard run, will begin with double-tier starts resembling road racing starts.

Field competition in the high jump, shot put and the broad jump follows the track events.



The Lake Washington runners take it easy as they head for the final hill on their way to the Lake.

A Phi O Smoker:

Blood, Mayhem Provide Entertainment

By RICHARD HOUSER
Sports Editor

Over 300 people viewed 12 exciting, grueling contests of supervised mayhem Friday in the S.U. gym.

This year's annual A Phi O Smoker was a success. The fight fans were entertained with three technical knockouts and one injury.

THE TKO's occurred in the second, fourth and eleventh matches of the evening. Dave Ruoff clobbered Roger Brown, Russ Johnson ripped Dan Donovan in the one-arm battle and Steve Yoshioka battered Dave Sweeney.

The third match was declared

no contest when Duane Cordiner pulled up in the third round with a knee injury. Jim Hoffman was his opponent.

In the special events — tag-team match and the four blind mice event— action was fast and furious. Brad Dolye and Hurley DeRoin threw Tom Fredricks and Tim Fountain from the ring the most times.

IN THE BLIND mice event Dan Corby and Joe Hart proved to be more proficient at throwing punches while blindfolded. The duo connected with their wild swings to defeat Tom Robinson and Clark Warren.

Pat Reilly received the best-fighter award for his defeat of Mike Hutchinson in the fifth contest. Yoshioka was accorded

the most inspirational fighter for his TKO of Sweeney in the eleventh match of the evening.

The other winners were Greg Staeheli over Larry Welchko, Dennis Driscoll over John Robinson, Dan O'Donnell over Joe Beaulieu, Tom West over John Ive and Steve Conklin over Mike Chastek.

Vincent Qualifies For U.S. Open

Orrin Vincent, a member of the S.U. golf team, qualified yesterday for the regional contests to determine positions in the U.S. National Open Golf Tournament. Vincent grabbed one of the eight spots, shooting a 147 in two rounds over Tacoma's Fircrest Course.

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Minneapolis, Minnesota 55416

18 Women Graduates Initiated by Honorary

Eighteen senior women were initiated into Kappa Gamma Pi, a Catholic laywomen's honorary.

The pledges are Janet Baker, Frances Gazarek, Paula Greenleaf, Maureen Gruber, Marilyn Holstein, Mary Ann Kapinos, Anne Kelly, Rosemary Kiefner, Mary Beth Kuder, Joan Linscott, Mary McIlraith, Ellen Ryan, Margaret Shelley, Kathryn Smith, Kathryn Tawney, Susbauer, Kathleen Tucker,

Marcia Waldron and Joanne Wagner.

The women were nominated by the deans and the department heads. The criteria for selection were at least a 3.4 or above scholastic average, enrollment at S.U. for at least two years and leadership in either extra-curricular activities or voluntary projects.

The aim of the honor society is to foster Christian and scholastic excellence among its members and to encourage participation in civic and church affairs.

The girls were initiated at a banquet last Thursday in the Roosevelt Hotel. Guest speaker was John Pelusso, member of the board of theater censors. He spoke on "Catholic Action as Seen by a Layman."

Dr. Patricia Smith, an S.U. graduate and a doctor in Viet Nam, was an honored guest.

Talent for Frosh

All students interested in performing in the Frosh Orientation variety show next fall may sign up this week in Campion lobby, L. A. Building foyer or the Chieftain.

Any type of talent is welcomed. Students may sign as clubs, groups or singles.

Official Notices

Spring quarter grade reports for students who are attending summer quarter will be available upon registration day, June 20. Grade reports for all other students will be mailed shortly after June 24. Students are asked to leave a self-addressed, stamped envelope at the office of the registrar if grades are to be mailed to an address other than that appearing on the transcript.

Students planning to attend summer quarter are reminded to see faculty advisers before the end of May. Registration numbers will be assigned as an approved program of study is presented at the office of the registrar. Please complete this procedure before May 30.

Graduating seniors are to check University bulletin boards. A list

of names of those who must clear with the registrar's office will appear. Final date for reporting for clearance is May 30.

Diplomas and transcripts will be held by this office until all financial and library obligations are cleared. A list of students whose records cannot be released is posted on the bulletin board by the registrar's office. Please check it carefully and ask for particulars at the counter.

Caps and gowns may be picked up from 2-4 p.m. June 3 in Pigott Auditorium. Those who are unable to get caps and gowns at this time may obtain them at the Seattle Center Display Hall from noon-2 p.m. on June 5.

Mary Alice Lee
Registrar

Marketing Club Honors Senior

Charles Campbell, a graduating senior, was voted Marketing Club Student of the Year, and was presented an award by the Puget Sound Chapter of the American Marketing Association at a banquet May 12 at the Rainier Club honoring the statewide college winners.

The award is given on the basis of scholarship and service to the club.

Campbell is a past president of S.U.'s Marketing Club.

Singers to Stage Musical Review

Mu Sigma, campus music honorary, will present a musical review at 8 p.m. Friday and Saturday in Pigott Auditorium. Admission on Friday will be free to students, \$1.25 for adults. Admission Saturday will cost students 75 cents.

The variety show will consist entirely of S.U. students. Over 32 musical numbers are included in the program. The show is sponsored by the music department and directed by Bob Lee and Bill McMenamin.

Acts in the program include solo vocalists, the S.U. Double Quartet, a duet of Broadway hit tunes, folk songs, piano and organ solos, dance and comedy routines, the Madrigal Singers and a musical combo.

Previously, Mu Sigma has performed an entire musical each May.

Y.R.'s Elect Officers

The Young Republicans have elected Larry Blain president for the coming year. Joe Camden will serve as vice president; Cassandra Coman, secretary, and Tom McElmeel, treasurer.

Catholic University Prof To Talk on Meteor Today

Dr. Clyde Cowen, professor of physics at Catholic University of America, Washington, D.C., will speak at 1 p.m. today in Bannan Auditorium. The lecture is being sponsored by the physics department.

Topic of Dr. Cowen's speech is "Possible Anti-Matter Content of the Tunguska Meteor of 1908." According to Dr. Cowen, the meteor, one of the most unusual, has given rise to questions regarding its nature. It exploded over the Tunguska River Basin in Siberia in 1908.

Dr. Cowen, an Air Force officer in chemical warfare during World War II, was staff and group leader of physics at Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory from 1947 to 1957. He joined the faculty at Catholic University in 1958. He was named director of the Astrological Observatory at Catholic University and was consultant to CERN Atoms for Peace Conference in 1958.

He is currently consultant to Smithsonian Institute, U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, Naval Ordnance Laboratory and General Atomics Division of the General Dynamics Corporation.

SMOKE SIGNALS

Today

Meetings

ASSU Activities Board, 1 p.m., Chieftain lounge. All clubs should send a representative.

Gamma Sigma Phi, 7 p.m., McHugh Hall.

I.K.'s, 7 p.m., P 306. Pledge Review; all actives must wear blazers.

Phi Chi Theta 7:30 p.m., Bellarmine conference room.

Thursday

Meetings

Chieftain Rifles, 7:30 p.m., SU 2.

CATHOLIC GRADUATES

The Seattle Chapter of the National Association of Catholic Alumni Clubs invites single Catholic graduates to a no-host Cocktail Dance Party at the Washington Athletic Club, Room 400, June 2nd from 8 to 11.

For further information please call: EA 4-8827

Classified Ads

MISC.

NEEDED: FOUR STUDENTS, two men and two coeds, education or physical education majors, to coach nearby parochial grade school CYO teams for 1966-1967 season. Call Richard Sprague for interview. Office phone, MU 2-5151; home phone, EA 5-3586.

Girl 22, needs apartment roommate. EA 4-4027 (before noon).

GIRL WANTED to share apartment for summer. Call Gretchen Gambee, Bellarmine Hall, Room 411.

TUTORING: English department courses. EA 2-7722.

MAN WANTED FOR Arctic canoe trip this summer. Share expenses. LA 3-0550, Ext. 608, days, Don Ross.

THESES, term papers on IBM electric typewriter. Mrs. Rich. WE 7-2423.

PICK UP and deliver typing, all kinds. IBM pica. Tanya Gunderman. LI 6-3261.

APTS., ROOMS

SUMMER OR FALL

Spacious two-bedroom apartments suitable for groups of four to six girls. In excellent location near S.U. \$110, \$120. Call Mrs. Sainsbury at EA 5-0221.

FOR SALE

FIFTY-INCH beaded movie screen. Wool sleeping bag. Coleman single mantel lantern. LA 3-6295.

HELP WANTED

SHOES SALES PERSON

Terrific opportunity to work in the finest shoe store in Seattle! Experience preferred but not absolutely necessary. Downtown location. Part or full-time. Hours can be adjusted to coincide with class schedule. Call Mr. Noble, MA 4-5800, Ext. 270.

MALE HELP WANTED. Light delivery. Part-time. Over 21 preferred. ME 2-8068.

GRADUATION PARTY

Friday, June 3

9:30 - 1:00

ARCTIC CLUB

3rd and Cherry

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